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REA ROLL CALL

Reserve

For REA Men and Women in Service

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840 Boatmen's Bank Bldg., St. Louis 2, Mo.

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R224

A FALLEN HERO IS HONORED

By direction of the President, the Distinguished Service Cross has been posthumously awarded to First Lieutenant Thomas A. Maguire, Infantry. The citation read as follows: "For extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy, as Commander, Company "C", 10th Tank Battalion, from 29 November 1944 to 5 December 1944. Lt. Maguire, while under intense enemy fire, carried the radio from his disabled tank to another and continued to direct his company. He heroically led his unit through a mine field and then successfully effected the capture of the enemy town of Brandenberg.

On another occasion he killed over forty of the enemy with his machine gun, enabling his company to advance in safety. Lt. Maguire's outstanding performance with absolute disregard for his personal safety materially enhanced the battle success of his unit."

The decoration was forwarded to the Commanding General, Fifth Service Command, Ft. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, where an officer presented it to Mr. J. E. Maguire, father of the fallen hero.

A personal note from his mother to all of Tommy's friends in REA reads, "Tom thoroughly enjoyed his connection with REA for he had made so many friends there. I feel they will be proud to know how heroically he served and died for his country. Our son John is still missing after 18 months (Aug. 21)."

The country has lost a gallant soldier and REA a well-liked member of its staff.

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GRUEBMEYER HAS "Z" TROUBLE

Soldiers in battle have trouble, but so do those caught in the occupation. Take Sgt. Ralph Gruebmeyer. His assignment puts him in Deggendorf where he fell heir to a German typewriter with which to do his work. But what a time he has rassling with the "y" and "z" situation on his keyboard! For instance, he types, "I see REA is slated to move verz soon...." and again, (Cont'd on page 3)

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

Now that we are moving to Washington, we have a recruitment problem of the same sort as in 1942 when we moved to St. Louis. We will be glad to see our military furloughees coming back to us at any time, but you will have a double welcome right now. That's especially true if you are an engineer. (Or Leonard Mikules or Grances Ruhl. --Advt.)

Jack O'Shaughnessy tells us that he is holding open a number of choice field locations for returning veterans of the D&C Division, and that he would like to see your name on one of them. Will you let him and Personnel know approximately when to expect you?

Please write, letting us know what your plans and prospects are. If you don't know when you will get out, or don't know whether you will come back with us, or you have decided to do something else, please let us know that, too. It will help us a lot to know these things, even though they may be negative.

With the new law permitting lump sum payments for officers' accrued leave, you can go on our payroll the day you get out of uniform-- and we wish you would.

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BARGAIN! COLD CREAM \$20 A JAR

After nearly five years of going in the wrong direction, Sgt. Ray Gallagher is going to be glad to get headed back in the right direction (**home**). "Wrong direction" for Ray included a lot of places, among them Athens where he found the Greeks tops in hospitality and the sight of hundreds of autos, radios, etc., gave him the feeling of home.

"Athens," he writes, "is probably the most prosperous of any city in Europe which has had war. Prices are high but not as high as in wretched Italy. One real exception was a jar of cold cream for \$20! Tooth paste for 80¢ is much cheaper than in Italy. Five hundred drachmas equal one dollar, so when buying something tangible, one must think in terms of thousands."

¹ See, for example, the discussion of the "right to be forgotten" in the European Union's General Data Protection Regulation (GDPR), Article 17(1).

19. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (Fabricius) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) *leucostoma* (Fabricius)

21

• 1996 年 1 月 1 日起，所有新車輛必須安裝電子路況顯示器。

ALL THE WAY FROM ANZIO

"Life in Italy is not too unpleasant," concedes M/Sgt. Chas. M. Cox writing from Tarvisio. "Besides," he states, "we have been able to see most of the country. Have come all the way since Anzio north through Rome, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Milan, Turin, and on to the French-Italian border.

"I just returned from a 10-day trip to Switzerland, one of the few places in the world that can compare favorably with the United States. Its greatest claim rests on its scenery and cleanliness of its people and countryside. Was truly a treat to visit a place where so many people could speak English and were more than hospitable, doing everything in their power to make us feel at home.

Of his home-coming he says, "With good luck I'll be back in a nice easy chair before the radio listening to the Rose Bowl game." Having fought in the Italian campaign all the way through, one of the toughest of the whole war, Charley deserves all the stored up fireside comfort a home can give.

GRUEBNEYER HAS "Z" TROUBLE

(Cont'd)

"Since you heard from me last..." And later, "I am now in the 308 Eng. Bn of the 33 Infanteri Division." And so it goes all through the letter until Ralph finally sums up his difficulty by admitting that he hasn't learned to "Sprechen Deutsch" with a typewriter all because on a German typewriter the "y's" and "z's" are opposite to ours.

But for all that, his letter was most interesting. The Blue Danube, on which he is located, is not blue but green, he informs us. He is scheduled to be moved to Lin(z)---- and that "z" is the real McCoy----Austria which is also on the Danube. Re-deployment won't involve him before next year when, he says, "It will really be good to see all the old gang back together once again."

ALWAYS A BEST MAN?

(Cont'd)

In June he was best man at his twin brother's wedding. But never a word about anything like that for himself!

AND NOW WE HEAR FROM KOREA

Stationed in a Japanese arsenal a few miles outside Inch'on, Korea, on the road to Seoul, the capital, Sgt. H. T. Pyfrom finds himself in a most interesting and exciting part of this world. Of course, there are some drawbacks, such as the towns all having three names, (old Korean or Chinese, Korean, and a Japanese one), but for the most part his experiences and adventures read like a story book.

For instance, one night he and his two buddies were invited to a banquet given and attended by Korean intellectuals. In recounting the events of the evening, he relates, "We entered the small, doll-like house (after first removing our shoes), and were seated on embroidered silk pillows while our hosts sat on the floor. Before us was a low table around which there soon gathered a group of friendly people. A spokesman made a little speech, 'My friends and I have gathered here tonight to honor you as noble members of the American Army, Liberators of our country.' His simplicity and sincerity combined to make him a most moving figure. Much more cynical people than we are would have been touched by those words.

"After the awkwardness of strangeness wore off, we melted together into a wonderful harmony of good feeling. Glasses were placed before us and were filled with 'sul' or rice wine... There were many strange dishes and a few familiar ones like boiled rice and fresh peaches and pears. We ate everything with chopsticks and one spoon as is the Korean custom. The rice cakes and Korean bread (from rice flour) were doughy and very heavy. The Koreans eat them by dipping them occasionally in sugar. The barbecued beef ribs were all that could be desired.

"Periodically guests are called upon to sing at such affairs. Some of the voices were out of this world, especially those of one baritone and one high soprano. We, too, were called upon to sing, and when my turn came I sang, 'Old Folks At Home,' thinking they might know it. Sure enough, later they sang it back to me in Korean. One of the girls astonished us with beautiful renditions of 'Santa Lucia' and Schubert's 'Serenade.' There were also many lovely Korean songs which were familiar only through the universal language of music appreciation....

(Cont'd on page 5)

COLUMN WRITE!

From the Yokota Army Air Base, 25 miles north of Tokyo, CAPT. DARRELL L. JOHNSON sends a note telling us, "Came up here with the occupation forces but expect a new address soon----home!"

PFC. PHIL WIDMAN, among the first to leave the European theatre for the Pacific theatre without a furlough, tells us that he met Dave Cohen in the Manila Red Cross, each being glad and surprised to see the other.

From CAPT. B. BERK: "Returned to Frisco from New Caledonia (after 31 months) on July 15; arrived home July 21 (Green Bay, Wisc.) for forty-five days rest and recuperation during which time I wooed and 'lost' (got married); honeymooned; and, after several assignments, am stationed at the New York port loading and discharging ships."

"I've given up my dreams of Christmas at home this year---the fourth one I have missed," laments M/SGT. HOWARD C. PAINE from his station in the Philippines. "My outfit is stationed right on the tip of the westernmost peninsula of Mindanao in the beautiful little city of Zamboanga. Perhaps you have heard of Zamboango 'where the monkeys have no tails.' It must have been a pretty good town before the war and before our planes shell-shocked it. Even now, it is still far and away the best spot we have seen on this side anywhere."

NORMA LEWIS is no longer a sergeant in the WAC. She's a civilian, but won't be back in REA until the middle of January because of an operation. She is currently at Wichita, Kansas.

CHRYSSTAL L. ALLEN is spending Christmas, the first since joining the Marine Corps, at home in Los Angeles. She has been discharged and has this to say, "I do not count my military service as a loss, but on the contrary," she modestly states, "I received much more than I'm afraid I was able to give in return."

LT. JAMES OBERHOLTZER, who has only recently been shipped over, got a big kick out of San Francisco and its small, antiquated open-sided street cars, propelled by contact with a cable which moves under the pavement, are used on steep hillsides. What amazed him is that more people don't get killed riding them, since passengers hang on the outside wherever they can get a foothold.

T/5 MARVIN T. BATES expects to be at Ft. Bliss, Tex., for a few months. For his part, he says, he hasn't got much chance of getting out on points---his only hope is in length of service.

SGT. ANTHONY CAPRIGLIONE would like to hear from S/Sgt. Geo. W. Knoblauch and Cpl. Joseph Kubek, Jr. Wherever you are, boys, write him. He's with the 421st Bombardment Sq., 504th Bombardment Group, APO 336, San Francisco. "I'm still on the island of Tinian although rumors are thick about the group moving to Hawaii by the middle of December. Being here," he explains, "gave me a chance to visit my brother on Guam whom I hadn't seen for over 2½ years."

During the past year, MAJ. WILLIAM H. EASTMAN studied the Japanese language, customs and government at the University of Virginia and at Harvard, finally landing in Yokohoma last month. He's the engineer in charge of rehabilitation which is quite a job as things are in bad shape from so much bombing.

PVT. ROBERT MCGRATH is the latest one from REA to enter Uncle Sam's forces. He is taking his boot training at Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland, a most uninteresting place, he says. "It's so cold and damp," he relates, "that even with all our heavy clothes on, fatigues and otherwise, we still get cold and take cold while practicing on the rifle range."

From a rest home 3,000 feet above sea level in the Bavarian Alps, SGT. STANLEY VEST, of the occupational forces, pauses from mountain climbing long enough to write us how much he enjoys the 3-day passes which the soldiers from his base are allowed each month. Of the rest home he says, "This formerly was a resort hotel and is very nice with German workers to keep things clean and wait on tables in the dining room. One thing I'll say for them---they are good cooks and very clean."

CAPT. ROBERT GALLUP is back in the States after serving in Manila on an interrogation team, interrogating recovered PW's there. It was quite an interesting assignment, he admits, but not as interesting as thoughts of getting home. He's currently stationed at Seattle, Washington, but may be recalled to Washington, D. C., to write a history of his unit.

"BROTHER SHINTO, I NOW DIE"

T/Sgt. Henry J. Holmes, now discharged, dropped in to see us recently, his first time back since entering service in May, 1942. In all that time he never got a furlough. As sergeant major to the commander of the forward area of the 70th AACs, traveling most of the time by plane, Henry saw service on 14 different islands in the Southwest Pacific. His duties embraced a wide range. For one thing, if tents were to be set up, he gave all the directions about which, he assures us, there is a definite "technique" where so many tents and angles are involved.

It was on Saipan that a lot of his more hair-raising experiences transpired. They were strafed a lot by low-flying planes from the cockpit of which Jap pilots would look down and show buck-teeth grins. Here he found some Jap diaries belonging to soldiers who had committed hari-kari. In one he read, "Brother Shinto, I now die. Take up my revenge." Similar passages appeared at the close of the other diaries.

His Saipan station had once been a farm and when his unit moved in there were milk goats by the dozen still around. The fortunes of war on Saipan also included rats as well as goats. To combat a growing nuisance, some of the boys were sent to the Rat Exterminator Control School where expert poisoning methods learned and applied got rid of the pests.

Despite all his war travels, Henry met up with only two REA'ers in service. On Saipan he found Sgt. Arthur Frank in Finance work and at Maxwell Field back here he saw Cpl. Gordon Gray. Holmes had started OCS there and was in the final month when, on Oct. 8, the program folded because of the war's termination and discharges instead of commissions were given the candidates.

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SHOWS PILOTS THE WAY HOME

A recent issue of the Louisville Courier-Journal carries a story about an engineer from Tyner, Ky., whose work in experimental lighting in the Aleutians made safer landings for fliers possible. The engineer, known as a Flying Seabee, is none other than our own Lt. Comdr. Lester

(Cont'd)

SHOWS PILOTS THE WAY HOME

(Cont'd)

Reynolds who installed the first high-intensity lights used and flew 52,000 miles lighting up airstrips in the weather belt that lashes the area from Alaska to the Kuriles with some of the world's worst flying conditions. North Pacific weather is about as treacherous as the enemy, and was even more costly to U. S. pilots in the early Aleutians campaign.

Reynolds received a commendation from the commanding general of the Alaskan Department for his work, which involved improvisation and hours of flight testing. He trained necessary personnel, designed testing equipment and wrote a handbook for the Army and Navy. He is currently stationed in Washington as specialist on high-intensity lighting for the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics supervising installations at flying bases in the States.

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AND NOW WE HEAR FROM KOREA

(Cont'd)

"Although regulations forbid us to be outside our gates after seven in the evening, it was almost nine before the three of us, escorted by four of our friends, were boosted over the fence into our home grounds. We carried away bouquets of pompon dahlias and small paintings as presents. Altogether, this was one of the most amazing experiences I have had in this amazing world. Never have I felt more completely at home, and yet never have I been so far from home and in so strange a land. I shall not soon forget it."

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ARE YOU STATIONED NEAR MADRAS, INDIA?

If there are any REA'ers stationed in the vicinity of Madras, India, you may find it interesting to drop in for a chat with the chief engineer for electricity of the Government of Madras. The American Consulate at Madras has written to REA for advice and information in behalf of the rural electrification program which India hopes to start.

The same suggestion is advanced to those REA'ers in the vicinity of Perth, West Australia, where J. B. Jukes, electrical engineer in the Public Works Department on George Street, would like to meet any of our staff members there. Mr. Jukes recently visited REA and TVA.

COLUMN WRITER

(Cont'd.)

LT. COMDR. HENRY BAZAK is Electrical Ship Superintendent in charge of work on the new aircraft carrier, Valley Forge, while it is being built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The force has recently been increased to 1200 electricians. The ship is to be completed about May, 1946, but he hopes to be back with REA long before then.

LT. (j.g.) GEORGE M. SCHERRER writes a bit about electricity on Kyushu, Japan. "Going up Sasebo Ko (Bay) I noticed all the farms had electricity, or at least electric service going up to them although it is very hilly and mountainous. Glass insulators are used mostly. The distribution lines didn't appear to be very neatly constructed, but the high tension lines looked as good as our own even though they were on steel towers and over and alongside some very steep mountains (built under difficulty)."

Y 1/c RUSS GOODWIN sends seasons greetings from Alaska, a card featuring a poem about the Alaskan flag being the symbol of the last frontier.

PFC. JOHN V. KELLY, who is now discharged and back in Central Files, relates that the only REA'er he ran across in service was Pfc. Raymond Klink. That was in Claxton, England, at the Marine Bar. They only had one-half hour in which to do some fast talking because, while Kelly's leave was just beginning, Klink's was on its last lap and he had to get back.

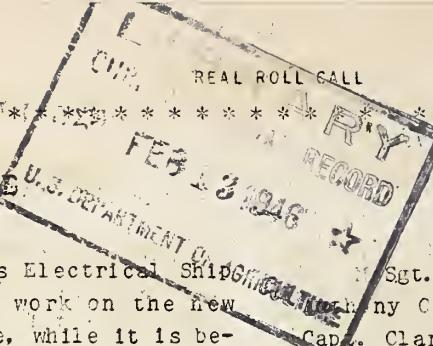
Among those recently returned to REA from service are: GUSTAVE H. ANDERSON, HENRY C. BAUER, WILLIAM R. CALLAWAY, HENRY E. CAREEDMAN, JAMES ROUK, EDWARD T. HUDSON, CLIFFORD KURTH, WHITNEY MATTHEWS, HARRY MCCOLLUM, JAMES McCUTCHEON, EUGENE MEYER, W. F. ORNDOFF, ERNEST L. RUSHMER, H. CARROLL STARNES, JULIUS STROJNY, HAMILTON TREADWAY, AND WILLIAM WISE.

GOING UP

Y 1/c Russ Goodwin; M/Sgt. Chas. M. Cox; Capt. Robert B. Gallup; S/Sgt. Wm. R. Coleman, Jr.; Lt. Will A. Lewis.

VITAL STATISTICS

Married: NAVY Lt. R. S. Weber (Administrator's Office) to Navy Nurse Lt. Anne Sporre Dec. 15, at the Navy Chapel in Washington, D.C.



HERE TO THERE

M/Sgt. Chas. M. Cox, APO 88, New York; Sgt. Harry Capriglione, APO 336, San Francisco; Capt. Clarence J. Bush, Dwight, Ill.; Lt. Col. Edwin J. Withers, APO 593, New York; Lt. Ben B. Johnstone, Dayton, Ohio; Capt. Wm. P. Alexander, Jr., Mill Valley, Calif.; Lt. F. B. Linquin, FPO, San Francisco; Capt. Robert B. Gallup, APO 500, San Francisco; Cpl. Ted A. Barocdy, Florence, S. C.; S/Sgt. Wm. R. Coleman, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Maj. William H. Eastman, APO 343, San Francisco; Pvt. Lorance B. Cates, APO 21270, San Francisco; Capt. Reginald L. Vassar, Keysville, Va.; Pvt. Robert A. McGrath, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md.; Lt. (j.g.) Raynor H. Severine, Emmett, Idaho.

VASSAR'S SQUADRON A LUCKY ONE

Capt. Reginald Vassar served on the ground floor of the Air Corps all through his war service, the busiest time of which came about in August of '44 when Rhine bridge bombing was at its height. The concentrated effort was put on not only to stop the Germans from receiving supplies but also to slow up retreat that made capture more certain and complete. Bailey bridges, a pre-fabricated affair of British origin, were used by our troops as substitutes for the bridges no longer spanning the Rhine.

When the bombing forays were at their height and many bomber squadrons were being wiped out completely with none of the bombers returning from their missions, Vassar thinks his squadron was especially lucky. During the entire invasion it only lost three bombers, one of them carrying his buddy who was captured and kept in Stalag No. 3 south of Berlin where he still was when prisoners were liberated.

Reggie visited a number of European cities, among them Rotterdam and Le Havre, two of the worst bombed-out centers in Europe. With their business districts completely wiped out, the rubble has been cleared away and there in the heart of each is an open meadow with an occasional tree that escaped destruction. From a bustling city district to a grassy field in six months or less---that's the Rotterdam and Le Havre of today.